

serious, would be made worse than ever. We doubt, therefore, whether a large loan could be placed in London. Nor is Germany likely to take it. It seems probable, therefore, viewing all the circumstances, that if the Austro-Hungarian Government persists in bringing out a loan, it will be even a greater failure than the last Russian Loan in Paris. It may seriously injure the credit of Austria-Hungary, and it may also provoke a crisis in the great financial centres of the world.

#### CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WHILE European commerce is adjusting itself to the manifold complications of the new régime of carefully regulated intercourse varied by active tariff warfare, there is little to say as to international politics, and the supporters of Free Trade have not much to do beyond prophesying evil. The negotiations between Italy and Switzerland—the last of the series for the present—have been very much hampered by the demands of the cheese-makers of the latter country and the cotton-spinners of the former; and it is probable that they will be entirely broken off. It is good news that a new Free Trade Association just formed at Milan is urging the Italian Government to make concessions to Switzerland, and not imperil the whole trade between the two countries.

In France, while the stock of goods laid in in anticipation of the new tariff is being put on the markets, and the Custom House officers are painfully mastering the minute and complicated details of the two new tariffs, there is not much change in the situation. The "bock" of beer, indeed, has risen in price; mutton and pork are rising rapidly, owing to the stoppage of the dead meat trade with Hungary, and meat will soon be too dear for persons of moderate means. The trade in German game, too, is practically suspended. Extensive preparations for smuggling are reported all along the frontier; a multitude of new Customs officials are to be appointed—ten thousand, according to one account—and the Protectionist traders and agriculturists, or some of them, taking alarm at the impending agitation against the new restrictions, have petitioned the Government that no change shall be made in the tariff until there has been time to give it a fair trial. Meanwhile M. Méline, in an interview, has promised the extinction of the middleman, and the development of a French supply of food to take the place of all that has been cut off.

There is but little French news this week. Some importance is attached to the foundation of a "League for the Defence of Political Liberties" at Bordeaux, whose promoters are neither clergy nor, apparently, politicians; and whose object is to protect the rights of the parent and the commune—in other words, to permit church schools if the locality desires it. Its president, M. Gaston David, is a brother-in-law of the President of the Republic. The Chambers are enjoying their belated Christmas vacation. Almost all the Bishops have now stated their concurrence in the manifesto of the five Cardinals, accepting the Republic, but protesting against the manner in which it is conducted.

Early this week the French Government sent a second note to the Porte declining to admit that any question of principle was determined by the settlement of the Chadourne difficulty. The incident, however, is not reopened.

On Sunday morning a crowded meeting of Liberals was held in Brussels to discuss the proposed Constitutional revision. Delegates from all parts of Belgium insisted on the supreme importance of granting universal suffrage, and the necessity of subordinating all other questions to it. The "Royal Referendum" was condemned, while the Swiss type of referendum seems to have secured a good deal of Liberal support.

The Right held a private meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday, at which, it is believed, the Royal Referendum was also very generally condemned. But as the Ministry has made it a question of confidence, the party will support it, provided it is introduced experimentally—that is, by an ordinary law, and not a clause in the Constitution. The way in which heterogeneous proposals of all degrees of importance are bundled together into one motion by the Government somewhat tends to raise suspicions as to their good faith. Should the revision scheme be again postponed, there will undoubtedly be a serious crisis. At present the Liberals and the Labour party are in entire accord. On Monday an open-air meeting in Brussels, at which the Socialist, M. Volders, was to speak, was prohibited at the last moment by the Burgomaster, and dispersed quietly.

Count Limburg Stirnen has paid the penalty for his recent article in the *Kreuz Zeitung* expressing regret at the conduct of the Government towards the Conservative party in the matter of the Commercial Treaty with Austria, and questioning its good faith. The article was regarded by the Government as "calculated to discredit its foreign policy at home and abroad." The trial took place before a "disciplinary" court composed of high officials, and the offence has been visited with the severest penalty applicable—dismissal from the public service. It remains to be seen whether this proceeding will shake the allegiance of the German Conservatives to the present Government.

The Committee to which the Elementary Schools Bill has been referred has passed a clause—moved by Herr Rickert, the Liberal leader—to the effect that the schools are State institutions and should be under State control. The Minister of Education regarded this as surplusage, but it was passed, only the Catholic members opposing. This seems to be a point gained by the opponents of the Bill. Some Ultramontane journals are advocating the measure as "a protest against religious indifferentism."

The new German loan of £8,000,000, and the Prussian loan of £9,000,000, were subscribed for on Tuesday. The interest on each is 3 per cent., and the issue price was 83½. It is understood that the first loan was covered four times and the second three times over—by *bond-fide* investors in the main.

A striking contrast to the respect shown by the Prussian Government to Polish nationality is afforded by its arbitrary conduct in Schleswig-Holstein. A number of Danes, who have mostly married and settled in the district, have just been expelled—some at forty-eight hours' notice; and it is said that all non-naturalised resident Danes will be treated similarly. Is this the result of the entry of Denmark into the Franco-Russian alliance?

To-morrow the Old Czech members of the Bohemian Landtag will meet at Prague to decide whether they shall resign their seats or not. If they do not, it will be on the understanding that the Germano-Czech compromise we spoke of last week shall be postponed for the present; if they do, it will be an appeal to the Czechs against the Germans, and a sign of the reunion of the Czech parties. Either way, the prospect is not pleasant for the Austrian Government.

The Hungarian General Election has resulted in a very slight nett gain to the Government. However, all the other parties have gained also—the gains being at the expense of the "savages," or unattached members, who now number only four. Modifications of the Cabinet are talked of, probably involving concessions to Count Apponyi. Count Szapary, the Premier, in a speech at Temesvar on Sunday, indicated the approaching introduction of the Closure—to which the late President of the Chamber is strongly opposed—and declared the fidelity of the Government to the present constitution of the Empire.

In Italy there have been somewhat serious disturbances among the unemployed, notably at Turin, Milan, and Reggio in the Emilia. An

unsatisfactory debate on the subject has taken place in the Chamber.

The "Art Restraints Bill," enforcing the prohibition (dating from Papal times) of the sale of the great galleries of the Roman families by heavier penalties than have hitherto existed, has passed both Houses.

In Spain there have been serious fears of a disturbance. The Anarchist leaders concerned in the recent revolt at Xeres were convicted on Monday, four being sentenced to death, and three to hard labour for life. The death sentences were carried out publicly early on Wednesday morning. No disturbance took place. Efforts were, however, made by the Labour party in Barcelona to observe the day as one of mourning, and the agitation there is increasing. There are fears also of an outbreak in Saragossa and Valladolid. At Bilbao all is quiet again. The anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic in 1874 has been awaited with some anxiety, but has passed off quietly. Serious floods have occurred in the extreme north and south of Spain—notably at Oviedo and at Seville.

The Finance Committee of the Portuguese Parliament have reported in favour of a heavy and progressive income-tax, rising rapidly as high as 20 per cent., and a strict limitation of official salaries.

A fresh revolution is reported to be imminent in Brazil. Three of the Ministers have resigned, and an outbreak is expected—primarily in Rio Grande do Sul.

#### FROM GREEN BENCHES.

IT is not all mere fancifulness that makes the familiar scene seem invested with a more than usually heavy atmosphere of tragedy. The mighty changes which have taken place since last this gathering came together are in the minds of all; and, if they have slipped away, are soon brought back. In the House of Commons of all places tragedy walks with muffled tread and hushed voice. A clerk drones from the Table the title of the debate that will soon have excited a cyclone of contending furies; the final fate of a revolutionary change is told in the accents of an auctioneer's catalogue; and Mr. Peel, though he has a splendid voice, which gives emphasis to even the commonplace, has to follow the traditions of his office in the impassivity with which he makes the usual announcements. But even all this cannot wholly subdue the unusualness of the list of momentous deaths that have taken place in the last few months. Mr. Speaker has to tell of the writs which he has had to issue during the recess; and there is something strangely thrilling as he speaks the words "in the room of William Henry Smith, deceased"; "in the room of Charles Stewart Parnell, deceased"; "in the room of Richard Power, deceased"; and, finally, "in the room of Lord Hartington," called by his many but unfamiliar names as one of the Cavendishes, who is as dead to the House of Commons as if, like the others, he had finished his mortal life.

There is a further reminder of all that has happened in the unparalleled sight at the bar. Never in the memory of any man have so many applicants for admission stood there together. On the Liberal side, though there is the subjugation of the general mood, there are evidences of the exultant self-confidence of coming victory. Cheers are bestowed on every newcomer; but it is on Mr. Lambert, and still more on Mr. Maden—the victors of South Molton and Rossendale—that the storm of passionate and triumphant welcome bursts. The Irish benches tell more distinctly than anything else in the House of the prevalent mood of subdued reflection and tragic change. There was a time when there came from these benches a note—loud, full, and concentrated—that was one of the most spirit-stirring sounds of the House of Commons. The Irish benches are crowded—

unusually so—but the notes from them have strangely discordant and scattered echoes. Men of twelve years' companionship and friendship sit beside each other, separated by the silent abyss of the suspicions and hatreds of civil war.

The House shows soon its lighter and more mocking vein. That assembly is sometimes like a speaking caricature. Mr. Chaplin is never subdued to a modest estimate either of himself or his concerns; and there is far more of self-satisfaction in his air and manner as he rises to announce his Small Holdings Bill than in Mr. Balfour's quiet and anxious entrance upon his noble heritage. The House, however, will not allow Mr. Chaplin to have his self-satisfaction undisturbed; and there rises from the Liberal benches a loud jeer that would enable even a stranger to note the difference between Mr. Chaplin's estimate of himself and the cruelly true estimate which is held by other people.

Sir William Harcourt has a mental exuberance that can withstand a deeper attack of gloom than even that of the first night of the last Session of this Parliament. He speaks the epitaph on the poor Duke of Clarence with appropriate and, perhaps, rather overdone lugubriousness; but he is soon in the midst of the active warfare in which he is so much more at home. A whisper had gone round that the indiscretions at Exeter were to form a prominent feature of the speech of the acting leader of the Opposition. Sir William Harcourt is one of the few public men left who carefully prepare, and even write down the very words of their important speeches. From successive half sheets of note-paper his orations are read, though the delivery has a freshness that would conceal that fact from an unaccustomed onlooker. Slowly, but skilfully, Sir William leads up to his points; and then, amid continuous shouts of delighted laughter, he hits blow after blow at the Prime Minister's reckless outburst. Sir Edward Clarke is rash enough to strike across the path of the Parliamentary Leviathan as he stamps and tramples along, and is promptly crushed. Altogether it is one of the best things Sir William Harcourt has done, winding up triumphantly with a fling at the face of the bigoted Lord Salisbury of to-day, the truer and higher language of the Lord Robert Cecil of thirty years ago.

Mr. Balfour shows that anxiety and failure have come with painful suddenness. There are few men in the House whose moods are so changeable. In the same night, sometimes even at intervals of an hour or half an hour, he can make one of the worst and one of the best speeches. The first speech is in one of his unhappy moods. He has been taken unawares; is weighted down with the sense of portentous expectancy, of all things in the world the most distracting to an orator; and, above all things, he is unable to either praise or condemn the childish speech of his relative and chief which has formed the staple of his dexterous opponent's attack. Mr. Balfour has often spoken feebly in the House—he never spoke any other way for nearly eighteen years of his existence there; his first speech as leader will stand out as one of the worst and feeblest he ever made. But it would be unjust and childish to assume that he will go on as he has begun. When he feels his place easy and familiar, when he is taken with fair warning and with plenty of time to reflect and order his thoughts and sentences, above all, when he has drunk deep enough of battle to have caught its inspiration, he will be a mighty, formidable combatant for even the best and sturdiest of Liberal champions to meet.

And how, finally, was it with the last of the trio of leaders? Nobody who was present can ever forget that memorable afternoon some years ago when the House paid its tribute to the great popular figure that had for so many a year swayed its every mood—the subdued splendour of Mr. Gladstone's funeral oration over the colleague and friend; the stumbling sincerity of Mr. Smith; the graceful and tender little epitaph which in the name of Ireland Mr. McCarthy



wrote on the tomb of him who had once been Ireland's boldest and most eloquent friend; and then the harsh, grating, vulgar accents that broke in on the scene with the trivialities of the shallow mind; the inanities and vulgarities of the commonplace and sordid nature. And so it was last Thursday evening. It was not the splendour of Harcourt's attack, or the feebleness of Balfour's reply, that will live in memory of these opening nights so much as the depths to which Mr. Chamberlain was able to go himself, and to drag after him the House of Commons. There are moments when that assembly rises to heights of noble passion, splendid rage, Titanic resolution; but there are moments also when it goes down to depths of triviality, petty passion, vulgar taste that might disgrace the gallery of an East End theatre. If anybody has any doubt of the truth of this, let him read the report of Mr. Chamberlain's speech in the *Times* of yesterday morning; and above all, let him note the interruptions in the shape of Tory cheers. "We have sat at the feet of two Gamaliels" (loud laughter and cheers); "Morituri te salutant" (great sensation); "The session which was to have come in like a roaring lion, has opened like a bleating lamb" (prolonged applause); and finally, "Everybody will remember the trial of Bardell versus Pickwick" (great and prolonged laughter). This is a fair summary of Mr. Chamberlain's resources and of the Tory reception of his points, and if anything were wanted to complete the picture of mental degradation, of the vulgar and squalid commonplaceness, it would be found in the perky face, the voice—shallow but full of oleaginous self-complacency—and the general air of intense and yet petty self-adoration. It is perhaps after all a relief that in the midst of the sombre shadows that fill the House with ghosts of the great dead, one can fall on the eternal littleness of life, on the splendid novel humour of "Bardell versus Pickwick," the erudition of "Morituri te salutant," and the imposing figure of the smart and cocky commercial traveller playing at leadership in the august Senate of the British Empire.

#### THE NEW STAR.

SINCE the beginning of human history, problems connected with the magnitude and construction of the heavens have always had the greatest interest for mankind. The ever-changing moon and planets, the apparently ever-fixed and unchanging stars, have in turn been studied with a view of piercing the secret of the universe. Among the phenomena which promised to allow the veil to be lifted a little were those connected with the appearance of new stars from time to time among the host of heaven. But what is the number of this host? The number of stars visible to the naked eye at any one time amounts only to about three thousand. At the first glance the observer might think that their number was infinite, but a closer scrutiny shows that this is not so; still, by the use of telescopes, we are able to penetrate further and further into space as the power is increased, so that, instead of reckoning stars by thousands as formerly, the number within the grasp of the most powerful instruments of to-day may be taken to be about two hundred millions. These we may call old stars.

Not many days ago an announcement was made that another star had appeared in the heavens, and it is wonderful, when one comes to consider it, that, although its light has so recently reached us, the change which it indicates in the condition of matter somewhere in space may have taken place probably at least thirty or forty years ago.

Of these bodies only about twenty have appeared during our astronomical history, so that their number is infinitely small compared with that of the old stars stated above. To find out whether a star is a new one may at first sight seem difficult,

but now, thanks to our many charts, we can always make quite certain of the fact. In the present case, the star appeared in the constellation of Auriga, situated in the Milky Way, and its place on the charts was found to contain no indication of any previously known star, so that no question as to its genuineness could be raised. Of the new stars which have from time to time appeared, the two earliest, which attracted very great attention, were those of 1572 and 1604. These were observed by those eminent astronomers Tycho Brahe and Kepler. The former, whilst returning home to supper, happened to glance at the sky, and perceived in the constellation of Cassiopeia an exceedingly bright star which he had never noticed before. As he could not believe his own eyes, the story goes that he turned to his servants and asked them whether they could see it; although they answered in the affirmative, he inquired again of some peasants, who gave him a like answer. No longer doubting his senses, though they showed that the unchangeableness of the heavens was a myth, he at once prepared to determine its position. The star here alluded to almost rivalled Venus in brightness, and was even seen in the daytime.

But it may be asked: What is the cause of these sudden outbursts? Are we really the witnesses of some great conflagration that is taking place at a distance of millions and millions of miles from us? Many astronomers have studied this question and have put forward hypotheses to account for them. The hypotheses themselves, when considered generally, are of very great interest, so that we will give a brief summary of those that were held in their respective times to be satisfactory. It must be understood in the first instance that the invention of the telescope did not take place until the year 1609, or thereabouts, so that previous to this all observations had to be made simply with the naked eye. Tycho Brahe and Kepler, both of whom lived and worked before this date, concluded that new stars were due to the sudden condensation of the nebulous material in the Milky Way, the former even pointing out that the region about them was left dark and void by the withdrawal of the luminous stuff. Sir Isaac Newton supposed them to be due to the meeting of a comet with a star in space, the sudden luminosity being produced by the tremendous impact between the bodies. An ingenious idea advanced by Zöllner, in later times, was to the effect that stars at certain periods of their formation were covered with an opaque, non-luminous crust; if the incandescent matter underneath should burst through, the crust would, so to speak, be burnt up again, producing both light and heat.

But it is by the use of the spectro-scope that we have learned most relating to this special class of phenomena. It may be remembered that Mr. Norman Lockyer in his meteoritic hypothesis suggested a classification for all stars, on the supposition that at some period of their existence they were increasing their temperature and at another they were decreasing it, while, on the other hand, Kant and Laplace had only imagined a decreasing temperature, their idea being that the stars cooled from an initial condition of extremely heated gas. To make Mr. Lockyer's view clear, let us take the case of a star, and follow the physical changes which, according to his hypothesis, it should undergo:—In the first place it would consist of a mass of meteorites or meteoritic dust, each particle moving independently, but so far separated from the others that few collisions would be probable. Owing to their mutual attraction, they would in time be drawn into a more compact mass, in which more collisions among themselves would be certain to take place: these collisions would at first produce very feeble luminosity and heat, but, as their number increased, the temperature would be raised and vapour from the stones would be given off, so that a time would come when not a single stone would be left.

Just before arriving at this stage the star would

be hottest, and therefore brightest. After this it would commence to lower its temperature—the cooling would of course commence from the outside, so that, as the heat was radiated into space, the external surface would gradually become denser and resemble the surface or photosphere of the sun as seen to-day. After a long lapse of time this external envelope would condense into a liquid, and eventually into a solid mass, while the centre would still be at a high temperature—the condition of our earth at present.

But again we may ask, What has this to do with the causes that produce the phenomena of new stars? The answer is simple.

Space, as we know, is not a vacuum, but contains this meteoritic dust in sheets and streams, the particles composing which are moving in various directions with greater or less velocities. Let us imagine a cloud of these stones all making their way through space; it is clear that as they pursue their course they may meet occasionally with some of these other meteorites, which will cause collisions among the bodies composing the two swarms. The mass, as a whole, would be more or less invisible so long as the collisions were small in number; but suppose a denser swarm to suddenly meet another, like itself in rapid movement, what will be the result of these two opposing forces? The particles in each swarm would collide violently with those in the other; both heat and light would suddenly be emitted, and many meteorites would become incandescent and give off vapour. As the swarms passed out from one another the collisions would be fewer, and so the temperature would decrease; and it would generally decrease quickly, for we are dealing only with a number of small masses, and not with one large mass by itself. The word "level-crossing" has been used to denote the intersection of these meteor swarms, and some very good instances of them can be perceived in those beautiful photographs of the Pleiades taken by Mr. Roberts. From these photographs it can be gathered that the principal stars are not stars at all in the ordinary sense, but simply so many regions in a nebula where the dust-streams are intersecting.

A curious point in reference to new stars is that they nearly always appear in the Milky Way; this has been accounted for in the following manner:—The Milky Way, as everyone knows, contains more stars than any other part of the heavens. Now, stars, on the new view, are, as we have stated above, not all cooling globes of vapour, but many of them may represent the intersection of meteoritic streams. On this hypothesis, then, the Milky Way would be liberally supplied with just the very conditions that would be required for the formation of new stars. As a variable star is produced, on Mr. Lockyer's hypothesis, by the motion of two swarms, one of which revolves in an elliptical orbit round the other, it will be interesting to determine whether the nova was not a variable star after all, before it had been recognised as a nova, for we learn that Professor Pickering had obtained three photographs of its spectrum in the course of the photographic mapping of stars and their spectra. This telegram leaves a good deal to be explained, but one subsequently received and published in the *Standard*, of Wednesday, puts the matter in a clearer light. In this telegram the Harvard astronomers do not hesitate to accept it as a new star—not a long-period variable—and to ascribe its sudden appearance to a collision between two celestial bodies. This is a great victory for English Science. But this is not all. Mr. Lockyer has already obtained photographs which have enabled him to communicate to the Royal Society precisely what order of celestial bodies was in question, and the speed at which the two swarms are now separating themselves from each other. This is about *five hundred miles a second*. So science advances step by step, and so the ancient mysteries disappear.

#### MR. J. K. STEPHEN.

MR. J. K. STEPHEN has died, and a most striking personality is lost to Cambridge. A genial companion, a witty conversationalist, and an eloquent speaker, the author of "*Lapsus Calami*" was never a man to pass unnoticed among his fellows. His "*Reflector*," his threatened descent upon Kilkeny, and, finally, his lively "slips of the pen," brought him before the public.

He presented himself as "a pupil of C. S. C.," but the expression does not define him. He was something less, and something more. We are reminded most distinctly of Calverley in the "*Lines at the Riverside*." The poet comes upon a "shawl on the grass," by the river's brink, and pictures to himself the fate of the wearer—a suicide:

"Doubt, hesitation, and fear,  
Madness, delusion, despair,  
All of them culminate there,  
There by the swift-rushing weir,"

and so the description continues until it is broken in upon by the real possessor of the inspiring rag:

"Only a nursery maid  
Come back to look for her shawl."

Endings like this abound in Calverley. It was a favourite stage-trick of his which may be imitated with success.

The parodies in "*Lapsus Calami*" of F. W. H. Myers, Wordsworth, and Walt Whitman (we arrange according to the merit of the "sincere flatteries") have also a flavour of the master. They tickle one's ear with the rhythms of the poets imitated, and one's sense of humour with the absurdity of the thoughts expressed. They are quiet, confident, and flowing.

But it is the very epithets that we are able to apply to those particular pieces which suggest the points in which J. K. S. did not achieve what C. S. C. did. In what he attempted, Calverley was, practically, always successful. He found exactly the right word for his purpose, and used it naturally. He went on long enough, and stopped soon enough. Finally, the result was unstrained, the work of one who knew what he would do and could do it. The sense of mastery with which Calverley impresses us is one of his chief charms.

J. K. S., on the other hand, often struggles to what he does not attain. He lets you into his secret frankly, and seems laughing in your face at his own attempts, even at his own failures. His humour is boisterous and restless, not at all self-contained and reposed. He is evidently determined to amuse, and for that purpose seeks to startle, almost to shock. He will not say anything like other people, and is often disappointing instead of amusing in his originality. This tendency sometimes results in jerkiness of rhythm which is unpleasant.

But while J. K. S. is not so finished an artist as C. S. C., he has, at any rate, published attempts of much more varied nature than his beloved master. We say published advisedly, because it would be impertinent to speak of things which Calverley never printed, though he *may* have at once found his own proper line. In a burst of confidence to his pen, J. K. S. remarked that, in spite of his popularity,

We "both were certain all the time,  
As any candid friend could be,  
That though we might succeed in rhyme,  
We could not rise to poetry."

This is a proposition which we are partly prepared to dispute. In the beautiful "*Dawn of the Year*," J. K. S. nearly throws off the chains of idiosyncrasy with which he has clogged the expression of his muse, and produces a really noble poem. "*Quo Musa Tendis*" contains also meditations on his school and college, on river scenes and old friends, that are musical and reflective.



He is touching a high level in "A Paradox":

"To find out what you cannot do,  
And then to go and do it."

That reminds one of "The Grammarian's Funeral," and many other utterances of Browning, who has not, however, himself expressed the thought more forcibly.

We find another mood in "Quo Musa Tendis" which is absent in Calverley, the mood of cynicism. "A Remonstrance," "A Joke," "An After-thought," "After the Golden Wedding," and "A Pair of Fools" are all bitter, like the following portrait:—

"Oh yes! I know the sort of man!  
A not entirely vacant eye;  
A ready smile, a kind of style;  
A forehead adequately high;  
Curls more or less Olympian.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The type is common: wherefore tarry  
To paint what all must know so well?  
He's rather tall, his feet are small,  
He's thoroughly conventional:  
A man who moves in common grooves,  
And never startles you at all;  
Or, all in one sad phrase to tell,  
The sort of man that women marry."

#### LOTISM.

WAS it Corneille or Segrais who complained that the Turks in Racine's *Bojazyet* were not sufficiently Turkish; had too much of the "sentiments qu'on a au milieu de la France"; were, in fact, Frenchmen in caftan and fez? An egregious commentator has lately declared that *Othello* is not sufficiently Venetian, for the curious reason that there are no gondolas in that play. Nowadays, every literary dauber has his palette spread with "local colour," and lays it on with a trowel. But the artist in exotism, who pierces to the very soul, the truest inwardness of the foreign, who steepes himself in alien atmospheres, is as rare as ever. In England he can hardly be said to exist at all. The Englishman, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, remains what the ballad says. Sir Edwin Arnold goes to Japan and returns a Neo-Buddhist, but still very much—or, rather, more than ever—Sir Edwin Arnold. Even in France, where the sympathetic imagination flourishes, your true exotist is hard to find. It is darkly whispered that most of the picturesque Orientals who made "Cairo Street" at the last Exhibition the noisiest and most expensive bazaar in Europe were natives of Montmartre. But the French Academy boasts one true exotist, the exotist of exotists, the high-priest of the cult, M. Pierre Loti. M. Loti's exotism is so peculiar to himself, so much a thing apart, that one is tempted to give it a new name—Lotism. The descriptions of Nature, the catalogues of *bric-à-brac*, of the ordinary traveller are here but auxiliary to the psychology of love. "Gentlemen, I give you 'Woman, lovely woman,'" said the bagman in "Pickwick." Pierre Loti has for these dozen years and more been "giving us woman"—woman in Honolulu, woman in Stamboul, woman at the foot of Mr. Whistler's friend, Fusi-Yama. And now, after confessing to us all these Sub-Tropical, Levantine, and Japanese loves, M. Loti is still harping on the old theme. His heart is now—and little wonder, so furiously has it burned!—an extinct volcano, and he invites us to inspect the crater. He overhauls his faded love-letters, takes out his little tokens and trinkets—a lock of hair (sometimes rather crisp and woolly), an amulet, a toy-fan—and wonders what has become of the fair (or dusky) one. It is a sad mood, of course—full of the sense of tears in human things, and the *mortalia* which *tangunt mentem*. At times he strikes an almost tragic note.

Tragedy, the tragedy of death and decay, is certainly the note of his last book, "Fantôme d'Orient" (Paris: Calmann Lévy). Years ago M. Loti told in "Aziyadé" the story of his *amours* with a lady

from the harem of a particularly unspeakable Turk at Constantinople. For the lady's sake Loti made himself a Turk, and for a whole year the pair were together at Hadjikenî and Eyoub, places whose mere names are as blessed as Mesopotamia. At the year's end he returned to his ship—for to make yourself a Turk for ever was not a way they had in the Navy—and Loti saw Aziyadé no more. Ten years of voyages in other climes (and, alas! of experience with other ladies) passed, and then Loti began, somewhat tardily, to wonder what had become of Aziyadé. Nothing would satisfy him but a flying trip to Constantinople—and in "Fantôme d'Orient" we have the result. From the outset he has a presentiment that Aziyadé is dead. Her letters ceased to come long ago—ceased suddenly and mysteriously. Her very trace is lost. He has nothing but an old address, written in Arabic characters by Achmet, the public scribe, in the Square of Jeni-Djami—the address of an old Armenian woman: "Anaktar-Chiraz, who lives in the faubourg of Kassim-Pacha, in a low house, by the Square of Hadji-Ali; alongside is a fruit-stall, and opposite is an old man who sells tarbooshes."

The wording of this document at once transports us to the world of the Arabian Nights, and we should not be surprised if Loti made the journey to Constantinople on a magic carpet. However, he takes the Orient Express, stopping at Bucharest on the way to visit "Carmen Sylva." When in sight of Constantinople he recognises it—as, to be sure, other travellers have done—by the smell. But you are not to suppose that this detail is introduced ludicrously: humour, especially the humour of travel, is anathema to Pierre Loti, and were he to meet the author of "A Tramp Abroad," one fears there would be wigs on the green.

"Tout-à-coup, comme nous approchons de la terre, il nous arrive une senteur pénétrante, spéciale, exquise à mes sens—une senteur jadis si bien connue et depuis longtemps oubliée, la senteur de la terre turque, quelque chose qui vient des plantes ou des hommes, je ne sais, mais qui n'a pas changé et qui, en un instant, me ramène tout un monde d'impressions d'autrefois. Alors, brusquement, il se fait dans mon existence comme un trou de dix années, un effondrement de tout ce qui s'est passé depuis ce jour d'angoisse où j'ai quitté Stamboul, et je me retrouve complètement en Turquie avant même d'y avoir remis les pieds, comme si une certaine âme mienne, qui n'en serait jamais partie, venait de reprendre possession de mon corps irresponsable et errant. . . ."

The first thing is to find the old Armenian woman, Anaktar-Chiraz. Loti hurries off to the Faubourg Kassim-Pacha, but the fruiterer's stall and the old man who sells tarbooshes have long since vanished into the *Ewigkeit*, and the woman has gone to another suburb on the other side of the town, Pri-Pacha. Then begins a chase from pillar to post. Arrived at Pri-Pacha, the inquirer learns that the woman is on a visit to a sick-bed at Kassim-Pacha, the place he had started from. At last she is found:—

"Oh! oui, c'est bien elle; je viens de reconnaître surtout ce demi-sourire, très bon, très honnête, qui a éclairé un instant son visage parcheminé et durci. Une natte de ses cheveux, restés noirs comme de l'ébène, entoure le foulard de soie, également noir, dont sa tête est enveloppée comme d'une bandelette. Sa robe usée, mais propre, est taillée à l'européenne, d'une forme démodée, avec des biais de velours noir. Chez nous, dans des villages du Midi ou de l'Auvergne, des vieilles femmes ont cette tenue et cet aspect."

Alas! the old woman's memory has well-nigh gone. But it comes back at the mention of Achmet, Loti's old servant. "Eulû! Eulû!" Dead, dead—Achmet is dead. And henceforth one seems to hear this lugubrious refrain of "Eulû! Eulû!" ringing through the whole book. A sister of Achmet's is living, who may perchance be able to tell of the fate